

*Margaret Deal*  
Breezes



DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

WINNIPEG

DECEMBER, 1927

Ellen Warford

## The "Breezes" Staff

---

<i>Honorary President</i> .....	Mr. A. C. Campbell
<i>Faculty Advisor</i> .....	Miss S. J. Gayton
<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	Cherry Crawford
<i>Assistant Editor</i> .....	Margaret Ashley
<i>Business Managers</i> .....	{ James MacKay \ Waverley Wilson

### Associate Editors

<i>Social</i> .....	Llewelyn Johns
<i>Circulation</i> .....	Lloyd Bruce
<i>Literary</i> .....	{ Frances Fox \ Hilda Phelps
<i>Jokes</i> .....	{ Robert Paul \ Lloyd Rankin
<i>Sports</i> .....	{ Marguerite Ross \ Bill Kibblewhite
<i>Cartoons</i> .....	Leonard Hicks

## Contents

---

	Page
Editorials .....	1
School Elections .....	3
The School Paper .....	4
Our Principal .....	5
Out of School Life into Life's School.....	5
Sports News .....	6
Music .....	9
Literary .....	11
Social .....	13
Armistice Day .....	14
Room Rumors .....	15
Krazy Kracks .....	24
Announcements .....	27
Miscellaneous .....	28
Irish Hills .....	32
The Scott Country .....	33
Anita's Masterpiece .....	34
In Lighter Vein .....	36
Christmas Greetings .....	40



# D.M.C.I. BREEZES

Published by the Pupils of the  
DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

---

DECEMBER, 1927

---

## Editorial

### "WHITHER AWAY?"

SUCH an uproar of controversy there has been during all the centuries about the "younger generation"! They have always been dancing straight down the "primrose path," yet they never seem to get very far along it. Their skirts have been growing shorter, and their trousers wider, and still hey haven't stopped. Their reading matter has grown less restricted, and they have taken to writing "free verse" for themselves. Their jazz grows more outrageous, yet some of them attain an age whereat they compose classics for later "young generations" to mock.

What does it all mean? That is the question which all the elders from Methuselah to your grandmother have asked themselves, and in vain. This old world still goes round in spite of all the degeneration of us young "penpushers."

The types of young men and women portrayed in present day "best-sellers" are utterly untrue to nature—at least to nature in Canada. In no other country is there such a healthy generation of young people as in our own. We are developing healthy bodies and healthy minds by our love of outdoor sports and intellectual recreation. There is no "jingoism" in Canada, but "plain living and high thinking." You may say that you know of several exceptions to my ideal of Youth in Canada, but there are exceptions to the best rules—even in French Grammar.

In 1914, just as much so as now, there was controversy about "we moderns." But Earth found her answer to that comparatively trifling question in the magnificent sacrifice made by the World's youth in that gigantic shambles—the Great War.

In this year of Grace, 1927, the United States was thought to foster perhaps the most "advanced" youth of the world. In no other country of any importance had young ideals been said to have fallen so low. Yet a lone boy, winging his way through the Atlantic night, and receiving with a now well-known, charming, and disarming smile the acclaim of the world, brought the youth of America into prominence as one with firmly-grounded morals, sound minds and bodies, and splendid spiritual training.

Lindbergh has unconsciously set an example for us to follow. We are all young. Can we, too, not retrieve our fallen reputation in the

eyes of our elders? It can be done. Lindbergh did it, but not by rebellion against sensible, established customs and rules. He won his way to world wide respect and admiration by leadership. He is the Spirit of Youth, and we **are** youth. Let us remember that what the world depreciatingly calls the "younger generation," is full of infinite possibilities; possibilities especially great for the rebuilding of the shattered civilization which the youth of 1914 died to make safe for Humanity.

We, too, as they, have desired to know

"Stately Spanish galleon, coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores."

Yes, we, too, have known those dreams, and at times we envy them the death in the heat of battle which saved them the tragic disillusionment that comes all too soon.

But now in our joyous youth we can justify our happiness and earn it.

Shall we?

—C. C.

IN this present age, people are inclined to take for granted some of the greatest advantages of our modern existence. It is human nature to regard lightly that which is easily obtained. So we are apt to forget the time and effort spent on bringing our educational system to its present high standard, and to look upon free education as a matter of course.

The schools of today are provided with everything necessary to both mental and physical development. Large sums of money are spent in erecting fine buildings, in providing equipment, and in maintaining a staff of capable and efficient men and women as instructors.

But of what avail is all this if the students do not respond to the efforts made on their behalf? It is not the buildings but the scholars who make the school. If the right spirit is lacking, then the system will be a failure. It is up to the student to get the most out of his course so that his education will be of practical value in later life. If he fails to do so, then we usually find that the fault lies not with the system of education, but with the student himself.

True, there are flaws in the educational machinery, but what organization can you name that is absolutely perfect? Doubtless, too, there are many adverse criticisms, but perhaps if the individual student does his part to the best of his ability many of these critics would have no grounds for their fault-finding.

What we need in the school is self-reliance, initiative, perseverance, and above all, enthusiasm in our undertakings—the never-say-die spirit that wins scholarships and rugby games.

So let us cultivate these qualities in all our school activities and make this a red-letter year for Daniel McIntyre.

—M. H. G. A.



IT has been the aim of the editorial staff of the "Breezes" in producing this publication, to maintain the high standard which has been set in the past; and to make this, the first edition of the year, a paper which will meet with the approval of all.

Without the support of the school, it would have been impossible to publish this paper, and the staff wishes to thank all room representatives and the many contributors for their kind co-operation.

---

AS we are going to Press, we learn, with regret, of the forced absence of Mr. Florence and Mr. Forsythe. We wish them a speedy recovery and an early return to their classes.

---

**THE** Editors of the "Breezes" wish to extend to Miss S. J. Gayton their heartiest thanks for her unwearying efforts on behalf of the paper, and for the excellent advice and assistance with which she has aided them.

---

### SCHOOL ELECTIONS

THE school elections were held Friday, Oct. 21st, amid joyous laughter and much campaigning. Each Grade was to elect six candidates, three boys and three girls. The Grade IX.'s to vote for their candidates and likewise in Grades X., XI., and XII. Two days were given to campaigning, one day for the speeches, the next for voting.

The morning before the elections each Grade met in the Erection Hall to hear the candidates speak. Some very good speeches were heard and enjoyed by both pupils and teachers. Friday afternoon during the last period the students waited to hear the results.

The Primaries met in the Erection Hall to hear their returns. As the results were recorded cheer upon cheer rang out. Those successful in making a place were: Jack Fursman (President), Sarlizabeth Watson (Secretary), Fred Chase, Murray Keyes, Nora Bennett and Audrey Doggett.

The Juniors received their results in the Games Room and were well satisfied with the candidates who succeeded in being elected, those finally returned being: Robert Swan (President), May Kennedy (Secretary), Jack Easterbrook, Robert Elliot, Beth Ballantyne and Shirley Roberts.

The Seniors had yells for the different candidates and the Library resounded with the noise. In the first count all candidates were very close. Those who were able to keep their heads above water after the spirited balloting were: Waverley Wilson (President), Lillian Furney (Secretary), Robert Alexander, Fred Lang, Edith Horton and Grace Cairns.

The elections were enjoyed by all and the pupils expect the Council Members to uphold the traditions of the school and carry on the good work during the coming year.

—Robert Alexander.

### A YEAR BOOK?

IT has come to the notice of the staff that several rooms in the school are dissatisfied with the "Breezes," and wish either a year book, or a paper of their own production. We, who have had the privilege of three years' experience on the paper, **know** that the time for a school Year Book has not yet arrived. The following points may serve as explanations for those who demand them:

1. We know that there is not sufficient co-operation in the school to provide enough worthy material for the seventy-five pages or more which are necessary in a year book.

2. The experience of St. John's High School should be a lesson to us, for in the production of their year book they went in debt several hundred dollars.

3. We know that not more than one hundred scholars would be willing to pay the price (\$1.00 or more) when the year book was published.

4. The staff for a year book **MUST** be appointed in September, in order to collect material from the whole year for publication in April or May.

If this enunciation of facts about the impossibility of a year book does not suffice, the staff will be willing to state at least a dozen other objections.

As for the room paper idea, we can only say that it is an experiment which we do not advise. The room could expect, of course, no financial assistance from the school; yet neither could it hope to print the paper and sell it at a reasonable price, without advertisements, and without a large circulation. Other rooms are not interested in one room's news, and naturally the editors would not solicit contributions from without their own walls.

Have we school spirit? Let us concentrate on the "Breezes" as a medium of expression until it becomes too small. Then will be the time for a year book.

—C. C.

### THE SCHOOL PAPER

DO the students of the school entirely lack that quality known as "Pride in Ownership?" In some quarters we hear dissatisfaction with the paper, but not all the self-appointed critics lift a finger (or a pen) to contribute to a "bigger and better paper."

Constructive criticism is all right in its place, but the paper cannot thrive on criticism. The great need that the "Breezes" feels today is a bigger show of loyalty and school pride in that important institution, the school paper. If you want to put it over, this year's editions can be made the best the school ever has put out! Beyond desultory and oft-repeated censure there is not sufficient response to the many and varied appeals to the student body of this school.

Many believe that their contributions will land in the W.P.B., but such is not the case. If the contribution is original, of merit, and of interest, it will be printed.

Don't be a knocker! Lay down your hammer, and get a horn.

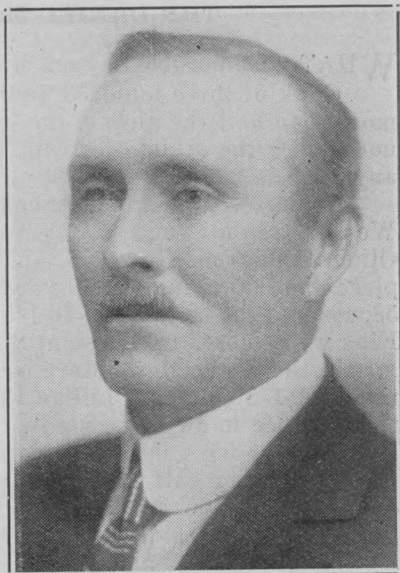
—Bob Swan.

## OUR PRINCIPAL

TO those of our number who have entered the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate this year for the first time, the kindly words of advice given by Mr. Campbell at the Opening, must still be very fresh in memory. How much those words have meant to many of us! In some cases, the difference between choosing a career absolutely unsuited to our talents, and one in which we can be entirely at ease. Few of us realize just how much our principal means to the school as a whole, and to the individual scholar.

Let's all wish Mr. Campbell the jolliest possible Christmas, and the happiest year he ever has experienced.

"For he's a jolly good fellow."



MR. A. C. CAMPBELL



## OUT OF SCHOOL LIFE INTO LIFE'S SCHOOL

OUT of our school life into Life's school,  
 Out of the placid and sheltering pool,  
 Into the mad, rushing, turbulent stream  
 That scorns our ideal and laughs at our dream.

Out of the hoping and planning of Youth  
 Into the waking and knowledge of Truth.  
 We lay down the text-book to take up the tool,  
 Out of our school life into Life's school.

Out of the training-camp into the Line,  
 Where one dare not falter and one dare not whine,  
 Where the battle is stern, and no quarter is shown,  
 And, saddest of all, we must fight it alone.

Out from the classroom, the campus, the game,  
 Into the struggle for future and fame;  
 Where Experience will teach with an adamant rule,  
 Out of our school life into Life's school.

—Roy Caven, Room 8; Charlie Mann, Room 13.



## SPORTS NEWS

### THE DANIEL McINTYRE FIELD DAY

WHAT a memorable day our own Field Day of 1927 will be to us! To think of three hundred and forty girls taking part in the events—more than half the girls in the school. It was a chilly day, but this did not hinder the athletes, except that it prevented them from breaking any records.

Room 55 carried off the honors by winning the shuttle relay race. We congratulate them, for they deserve the honor. In the Junior dash Olivia Anderson, Room 53, and Nellie Sellwood, Room 55, won first places, both running the 75 yards in 10 seconds flat. Evelyn King, Room 58, covered the distance in 10 1/5 seconds. Olivia Anderson and Evelyn King were chosen to represent the school on Inter-High Field Day.

In the Senior dash, Marguerite Ross, Room 22, came first, with the time of 9 1/5 seconds. Lillian Furney, Room 55, who came second, ran the distance in 10 1/5 seconds. Norma Stanley, Room 52, and Beulah Braid, Room 58, finished the race close upon the leading runners.

The Junior ball throw was won by Hilda Decter, Room 61; Laura Johnson, Room 55, coming second and Elizabeth Morganstern, Room 24, third. In the Senior ball throw, Lillian Decter, Room 19; Gertrude Ryckman, Room 7, and Florence Pepper, Room 61, came first, second and third respectively.

—Marguerite Ross, Room 22.

### INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

Before I relate the events of Field Day, on behalf of the girls I wish to congratulate the boys' track team on the good showing they made, particularly in the long distance events.

As usual, our girls came out with flying colors, winning 18 points out of a possible 26. The most exciting races of the day—the girls' shuttle relays—both were won by Daniel McIntyre.

In the Senior ball throw Lillian Decter, Room 19, came first, thus winning 3 points for the Collegiate. The Junior ball throwers, Hilda Decter, Room 61, and Laura Johnson, Room 55, won second and third places respectively, gaining 3 more points for the school.

The Junior dash winners, Olivia Anderson, Room 53, and Evelyn King, Room 58, did well. Olivia came third, winning yet another point. The Senior dash further increased the total, Marguerite Ross, Room 22, winning this event, her time being 9 2/5 seconds. Lillian Furney, Room 55, came second with 10 1/5 seconds. Between these two girls five points were scored, bringing the total number of points to 18.

Although St. John's carried off the shield, Daniel McIntyre did very well, being but two points behind the winners. I am sure we all appreciate what the boys and girls did for the school.

—Marguerite Ross, Room 22.

## BASKETBALL

Our basketball schedule has been planned, and so far three games have been played. Room 19 defeated Room 61. Room 7 was vanquished by Room 6 and Room 22 won 17-6 from Room 46.

The first game was handled by Mona Smith of Room 15. Norma Stanley and Lillian Decter refereed the second game, and Dorothy Hilton and Lillian Decter the third.

## FOOTBALL

Competition for the High School football honors was also very close this fall. The fine weather and the interest taken by the student body was an improved factor over other seasons. Kelvin proved the winner without losing a game.

Final league standing:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Against	Points
Kelvin .....	4	2	0	2	4	2	6
D.M.C.I. ....	4	1	2	1	4	4	3
St. J. ....	4	1	2	1	3	5	3

—W. E. Kibblewhite.

## FIELD DAY

It has been said that the Winnipeg Annual Inter-High School Field Day is the keenest in Western Canada. A visit to the last would have proved this. The competition was the closest in years, which perhaps accounted for the seven records that were broken.

Daniel McIntyre athletes acquitted themselves creditably, coming for the third successive year a close second to St. John's. Every member of the team gave his best; but Wilson, by winning the Senior individual championship, and Douglas Cook by breaking the Primary high jump record, were outstanding.

The "meet" was productive of some very exciting contests. This was particularly true of the mile and half mile runs of the intermediate class. Penwarden, bearing the winged "C," in both cases, nosed out Sharpe of Kelvin, after thrilling stretch battles. These distance events were Daniel McIntyre's strong points, for the "red and white" accounted for five out of six.

The girls from our school as usual held up their end. They won their division with points to spare.

The following is a summary of the points gained by each class:

	Girls	Primary	Junior	Intermediate	Senior	Total
D.M.C.I. ....	3	2	1	1	3	10
St. J. ....	2	3	3	3	1	12
K.T.H.S. ....	1	1	2	2	2	8

—H. E. Kibblewhite.

(We notice that Bill is too modest to make mention of his remarkable performance in the Senior mile, and half-mile. Congratulations, Bill!)

**VOLLEY-BALL**

It is rumoured that we are to have a volley-ball series. In fact we are going to have a school team to play against Kelvin and St. John's. We shall hear more about this later from Miss Bucknam.

—Marguerite Ross, Room 22.

---

**RUGBY**

"You can't keep a good game down"—the truth of which has been made manifest by the enthusiastic reception the boys have given to rugby. Daniel McIntyre has the distinction of starting the game in the High Schools. It had previously been forbidden, several players having been injured. The boys, however, are willing to "play the game" and to take the responsibility themselves should any accident occur.

At a meeting held in Room 18, Ted Crayston was elected captain. The line-up of his battle-squad is as follows: Snap, Hicks; left guard, Sprung; right guard, Williamson; left tackle, Swan, Cooke; right tackle, Tessler; left end, Palmerston; right end, N. Johnston; quarter, Hawryk; right half, Cane; left half, C. Johnstone; right safety, Crayston; left safety, Wilson.

Mr. Campbell has been kind enough to allow the game to be played so long as no one is injured. The boys of the team wish to thank him for his generosity and sportsmanship.

Mr. Madden, who used to play for Queen's University, and who is an ardent enthusiast of the game, gave the boys a great deal of valuable instruction and helped to pilot their enthusiasm over the rough spots. The boys hope to have him for coach next year, when rugby will be more firmly established.

---

**TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS BLINDNESS**

WHEN I consider how the night is spent

In scratching words that I have written down,

Then writing more, and lastly with a frown

This luckless page in two I boldly rent.

Then I begin again, this time more bent

Upon achievement which will bring renown;

But soon once more I find my head a clown,

And I surmise my genius has been lent.

Never daunted, still another try

I make, until a word I do progress.

Then suddenly a rhyme I find I need.

I sit in thought and deeply wonder why

It does not come, then finally confess,

That they know best who only sit and read.

—K. E.





### SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

THE Senior Girls' Glee Club is once more preparing for a successful year's work under the guidance of Miss Kinley and the officers: President, Mary Mann, Room 55; Secretary, Cherry Crawford, Room 58; Treasurer, Ruby Orris, Room 55; Pianist, Lillian Furney, Room 55; Librarian, Mildred Dudley, Room 56; "Breezes" Representative, Frances Fox, Room 58.

The girls are turning out in large numbers. It is hoped that they will continue to do so. Last year "The Pirates of Penzance" was described as a "howling success," and the opera of this year "H.M.S. Pinafore," will, we hope, be worthy of that so-called praise. With the assistance (such as it is) of the Boys' Glee Club, this Gilbert and Sullivan production should be one of the outstanding achievements of the year.

—F. F.

### SENIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Senior Boys' Glee Club gives promise of making this a record year in the history of our music. The results, so far, in the singing, would do credit to a grand opera chorus (practicing in a boiler factory) and the members all claim that the results of their production, "H.M.S. Pinafore," which will be produced early in the new year, will startle the musical world. The capable body of officers elected at the first practice will be given the heartiest support of the whole club. President, Waverley Wilson; Secretary, Lloyd Bruce; Treasurer, Bill Kibblewhite; Librarian, Llewelyn Johns; "Breezes" Representative, Bob Williamson.

—B. W.

### JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Junior Girls' Glee Club re-organized for the season 1927-28 October 24th. The following officers were elected: President, Ruth Galbraith, Room 22; Secretary, Ragna Johnston, Room 47; Treasurer, Emma Atkin, Room 24; Librarian, Marguerite Ross, Room 22; Pianist, Jean Wildgoose, Room 47; "Breezes" Representative, Louise Warren, Room 15.

—L. W.

### JUNIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Junior Boys' Glee Club elected its officers as follows: President, Charles Boyd, Room 11; Secretary, Bill Halleran, Room 13; Treasurer, Bob Hampton, Room 13; Librarian, George Saunders, Room 13; "Breezes" Representative, Harold Manson, Room 42.

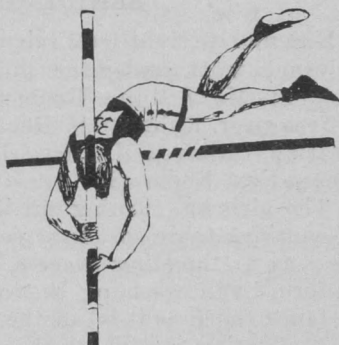
The first songs the Glee Club sang were: "The Goblin Gold" and "Rolling Down to Rio."

—H. M.

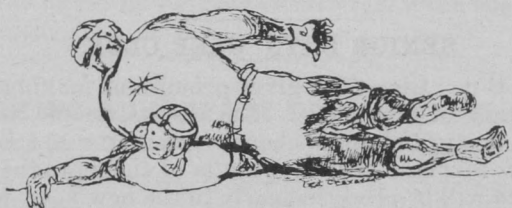
### GREATNESS!!



Some are born great—



Some achieve greatness—



And some have greatness thrust upon them.

## SPORTING GOODS

Our stock is complete. See us for your requirements.  
SKATES AND BOOTS, HOCKEY STICKS, SNOWSHOES,  
PENNANTS, ETC.

## SHAW'S SPORTS STORE

FARQUHAR & SHAW LTD.  
387 Portage Ave., opposite Boyd Bldg.

# LITERARY

## ALFRED NOYES

"If thou, indeed, derive thy light from Heaven—  
Thine, poet, in thy place, and be content."

TO the writer, who has heard but one other poet, Bliss Carman, the appearance of Alfred Noyes was a distinct surprise. Here was no long-haired Bohemian, but a man who gave an impression of stolidity, of being a successful business man, rather than a poet. His high forehead (that of a thinker) might have betrayed him, but otherwise his rather heavy face was in no way suggestive of the dreamer.

Mr. Noyes declared that he would give a prose talk on "Poetry and Life," before reading some original poems. With his first words one was impressed by his charming voice, and as he continued, calling poetry the greatest part of England's magnificent heritage of literature, the impression grew. "Poetry," he said, "is the voice of the ages. What do we remember of Greece, but her poetry; of Rome, but Virgil; of Elizabethan times, but immortal Shakspeare; and of the Victorian age, but those loveliest of all musical lines in the language—

"Magic casements opening on the foam,  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn?"

Mr. Noyes has a distinct dislike for "free verse," which he calls a contradiction in terms. He mentioned a book of poems (?) written as a joke by two Americans, which was hailed by the press of two continents as the greatest work since Elizabeth's time. In a mocking voice the poet recited the first of these "Spectra"—"Op. 40."

"A few years ago," announced the lecturer, "everyone thought that poetry was nonsense." Therefore, when publishers received nonsense they concluded that it was poetry. This nonsensical rhyme had taken from poetry all the music which gave it the name. To prove that music was an essential part of true verse, Mr. Noyes quoted—

"I sing of arms and the man."—Virgil.

"I sing of man's first disobedience."—Milton.

"Oh, Lyric Love, half angel and half bird."—Browning.

We thought that Virgil probably performed the time-honored feat of turning in his grave on being called the "Tennyson of Rome," and that we heard Tennyson cry out his unworthiness of being called "Virgil of England"; but probably the lecturer knows best.

"The poet of today," stated Mr. Noyes, "thinks that music in poetry should be eliminated." This is not so! A genuine poet "subjects himself to metrical laws," and his words must move in measure, as do the sun and the stars. In Shakespeare's plays, we notice the poet's lack of interest by his more uninteresting, or recitative form of



verse. When the emotion is intense, only the heart could register the precision of the metre. For example:

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time.”

Great poetry cannot be translated, for in translation its metre and significance are lost. But great poetry is immortal, and when nothing of our century remains, it will abide, was Mr. Noyes' prophecy.

In the lightest song, a great poet could state a living fact—  
“Journey's end in lovers' meeting,  
Which every mother's son doth know.”

The strongest part of religion, the poet pointed out, is its unconscious poetry. Shakespeare, by his immortal music, “pierced through the temporal veil of things.”

Finally, there are two things (according to Mr. Noyes) which move a man—“the starry heavens, and the law within him.”

Before reciting his own poetry, the poet stated that he would not elocutionize. We agree with the Tribune writer, who said “he cannot recite poetry worth a hoot, and neither can I,” but it is very seldom that one finds a poet capable of rendering his own work. The magic of the words carried us away, if the poet's interpretation did not, and once more we were “down to Kew in lilac-time,” once more “La Traviata sighed,” and once more the Highwayman “was shrieking a curse to the sky.” Personally we enjoyed the much-abused sonnet “The Double Fortress,” more than anything else.

We cannot thank the National Council of Education enough for giving us this never-to-be-forgotten literary treat.

—Cherry Crawford.

---

## VACATION

We often think we'd like to go  
Where ears don't freeze nor fingers glow,  
Nor school bells ring, nor school books found;  
And we'd have landscape all around.  
Landscape enhanced by hills and trees,  
And meadows where flowers scent the breeze,  
The gurgling and splashing of mountain brooks  
Flowing where forests made shady nooks.  
Sometimes we feel we'd like to slam  
Our books, and dodge the next exam,  
And get out where the sky is blue,  
And, say, how does it seem to you?

—Roy Mason, 51.

## SOCIAL

### THE JUNIOR PARTY

ON Friday, December 2nd, the junior students held a delightful moccasinsin tramp and dance. The guests, along with members of the faculty and the school councils, assembled at the school at a quarter to eight. They took the car to the Strathecona and Portage subway, whence they tramped north along the creek to Sargent Avenue. Then they went down Sargent and back to the school.

Eats, in the shape of "hot dogs," "busters," and "sinkers," were speedily devoured, after which the dancing commenced. The orchestra was composed of members of the school. For those who didn't dance, games were provided in the erection shed. The dancing continued until nearly midnight, when the orchestra played "God Save the King," and the guests departed.

—Llewelyn Johns, Social Editor.

### THE SENIOR DANCE

ON Friday, October the twenty-eighth, the senior classes, comprising Grades XI. and XII., together with members of the faculty and representatives of the junior grades, held their annual Hallowe'en masquerade dance. Many were costumed, comically, artistically, and otherwise. In many cases it was heroically, what with tight-fitting shoes, melting cosmetics, faulty head-gear and bendable pins. However, the students bore up nobly under the strain, and at eight o'clock they marched off to the erection hall, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss M. Dowler, Mr. H. E. Riter, Lillian Furney and Waverley Wilson.

Following the reception, dancing commenced to the tuneful jazz of "Wave Wilson's Collegians." They were a screeching success. For those who didn't dance, interesting games and contests were carried on in the erection hall, under the able guidance of Mr. Morgan.

After struggling through eight dances, the weary and famished welcomed an intermission. Edith Horton, as convener of the refreshment committee, and those assisting her, saw to it that there were plenty of "eats" for all. Those who expected second helpings were badly disappointed, however.

The most "relishing" part of the programme having disappeared, the promenade began round the lower hall. The guests marched in



pairs in front of the judges, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss M. Dowler, and Mr. Riter. The judges decided that Avril Hill of Room 55, in an Oriental costume, was the best representative among the girls, and that Harold Moge, of Room 22, as a Spaniard was the best dressed boy. The winners received their prizes from Mr. Campbell during the promenade.

Dancing followed almost immediately. The saxophone, manipulated by our worthy president, coughed out its wheezy wail. However, the dancers, unconscious of that, and unconcerned with the pleasant Noises coming from the orchestra, went through the remaining eight struggles with painful ease. The sixteenth dance ended about midnight, the orchestra played "God Save the King," and the guests took their departure.

The school owes much to the Senior Council and committees for the very enjoyable evening. It was a great success from the students' point of view.

—Llewelyn Johns, Social Editor.



### ARMISTICE DAY

ON Friday, November 11th, the signing of the Armistice was duly commemorated. It was a great day, one that will long be remembered by those who caught its spirit and were able to grasp its real significance. Poppies were sold on the streets and in the schools without any show or ostentation. These symbols were made by the Great War Veterans, chaps whose homes have been wrecked and whose lives have been broken in serving their country.

The two minutes' silence was strictly observed at eleven o'clock, when all action ceased; traffic stopped, the busy hum of great organizations was hushed, and Winnipeg, with all the world, offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to God, and begged for help in the years to come. There was no great display, no stirring up of the emotions; just simple services held in the churches, in the schools, and different meeting places throughout the city.

In the morning a service was held at the cenotaph on the corner of Main and Portage. The militia was, as usual, in attendance; the "Last Post" was sounded, and prayers offered up, "In Memoriam." In the evening, a very beautiful and inspiring memorial ceremony was held in the Parliament Buildings. On the grand stairway were those who led the service, some of our most prominent citizens. The musical numbers were especially suited to the occasion and were in keeping with the thought of the day. Assuredly Winnipeg gave of her best!

It seems a pity that such a great city as Winnipeg should have remained so long without a more fitting tribute to its heroes. However, since this is receiving the consideration of the authorities, we trust that in the near future we shall have a memorial worthy of our gallant lads who gave their lives for us and for civilization; one that will do credit to our city, and to succeeding generations—a mute appeal for peace.

—H. M. P., Room 56; G. C., Room 52.



---

## ROOM RUMORS

---

### ROOM 6

ROOM 6 wishes to thank Miss Anderson for the period she gave for the room elections, while Mr. Forsythe was absent. The appointments were as follows: President, Eileen Boles; Vice-President, Phyllis Duxbury; Secretary-Treasurer, Sarlizabeth Watson; Sports Captain, Queenie Hunter; Librarian, May Watson; Literary Representative, Margaret Magnusson. These officers are assisted by a committee of four: Wanita Curty, Mary Bremner, Margaret Steele and Winnie Lea.

On Friday, October 28th, Room 6 held a Hallowe'en party at the home of Hilda Ransome, 496 Dominion St. All appeared in costume and the girls spent a very enjoyable evening in dancing and playing games. Later in the evening refreshments were served, and all declared that they had had a wonderful time.

---

### ROOM 8

CLASS officers: President, Naomi Percival; Secretary, Winona Willie; Vice-President, Isaac Glusman; Literary Representative, Jack Dryboro; Sports Captain, Madge Cramp; Librarian, Irene Hewitt; Monitor, Ronald Cummins.

---

### ROOM 11

ROOM 11 wishes to extend its thanks to all Primaries who helped to elect Nora Bennett to the Council. A short time ago, Mrs. Elliot took Room 10 and Room 11 to an illustrated lecture by Mr. Florence, on the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." I am sure it will help the pupils very much, as the pictures were exceedingly good.

—R. Johnston.

---

### ROOM 15

SEPTEMBER 22nd was election day in Room 15, when the following officers were elected: President, Norah Archibald; Vice-President, Irene Marshall; Secretary, Dorothy Davis; Sports Captain, Mona Smyth; Librarian, Isla Pearson; "Breezes" Representative, Margaret Norrie.

The Room chose a committee of four girls to assist the Executive in organizing the different activities. The members of the committee are: Edith Anderton, Georgina Care, Marjorie McLennan, and Betty Woodgate.

—Margaret Norrie.

### Farewell Party

On November 8th, the girls of Room 15, with Miss Anderson's kind help and permission, held a farewell party for Marion Phillips, one of the members of the room who left for Toronto on November 9th.

The Class President, Norah Archibald, and the Vice-President, Irene Marshall, arranged the programme, which began with a song by Louise Warren, the contralto prima donna of the room, and followed by a dance by Thora Olson. The girls joined in songs very softly so as not to disturb the other classes who were studying.

Then to the delight of all, some candy, made by the members of the room, was passed around. The girls ate the candy very heartily, enjoying their freedom to do so in school.

After this delightful part of the programme, the Class President presented a small gift to Marion Phillips as a token of remembrance. Marion showed much appreciation and thanked the girls.

Next a game was played, and the winner, Henryetta Thompson, was presented with a small doll in a very large box, with which she attracted the attention of the teachers, who made a good attempt to teach the class in later periods.

In the periods which followed some of the teachers allowed the class to keep on with their party and because of the obliging way in which they treated the matter they were given some of the candy—which they accepted.

The girls enjoyed themselves immensely and hoped that Marion had also. The bell gave the signal that studies were over for an hour and a half, but to the girls it was the ending of a very successful party and a farewell from old friends.

—Thora Olson.

---

### ROOM 18

THE girls of Room 18 planned a corn roast for Saturday evening,

September the twenty-fourth. Although the weather was unpromising, they set out, accompanied by Miss Anderson, who was the guest of the evening. However, as it was too wet for comfort, the Templeton twins kindly invited them to their home. After playing games and singing songs, the girls gathered around the fireplace to eat their corn. Altogether, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the change in programme, it was a very pleasant evening.

—S. B. W.

---

### ROOM 19, XG.

#### “Go-Getters”

ALTHOUGH we are in the same room as last year, that does not mean that we are not going ahead. Doesn't the sun visit our room most? When we were Primaries we had two of our classmates represent us in the Primary Council. This year we are represented on the Junior Council by Elizabeth Ballantyne and Jack Easterbrook. Our class officers

are: President, Isabelle Bayley; Vice-President, Raymond Mason; Secretary, Elizabeth Ballantyne.

Our three shining lights in sports are: Lillian Deeter, girls' sports captain; Jack Easterbrook, boys' sports captain; George Timlick, our basketball enthusiast, who somehow manages to get sick at one o'clock and go home after playing a strenuous game. Speaking of basketball, our girls defeated Room 61, 28-4.

—Helen Johnson, "Breezes" Rep.

Room 19 wants to know:

If Marjory is White or black?

Does Harry Robbins chirp?

What can Russell Cook?

If Roberta is a Taylor?

Is Virginia Peter, son or daughter?

Does Vera Lamb gambol?

Can Ruth Reade?

Bob Kinread, can't he?

Has Mervyn Sprung yet?

—Helen Johnson.

### ROOM 21—Officials

President, Kathleen Todd; Vice-President, Donavon Atkinson; Secretary, Eleanor Henrickson; Sports Captain, Mary Mulligan; "Breezes" Representative and Librarian, Millicent Lennerton.

### ROOM 47

THIS class, as yet, has held no parties this term—much to the dissatisfaction of some of themembers—so our social notes are missing. Room 47 can boast of some very talented pupils, and we intend to do our best to make this paper a success. The contributions of the class to the various departments of this number form our first instalment.

Class officers: President, Patricia Paget; Vice-President, Ronald Turnbull; Secretary, Beth Carpenter; Sports Captains, Martha Setter, and Donald MacGregor.

### Brilliant Lights of Room 47

Have you ever noticed Alec's marcel?

Much French hair-dressing has done it well;

Young ladies cast their eyes in that direction,

But ne'er will their curls attain that perfection.

Full many a roar has our Martha provoked

From her fellow-dumbells of Room 47;

Full many a thought has our fond teacher evoked,

At this rate we won't all go to heaven.

Ronald Turnbull is a funny little scout,  
 In algebra and geometry, he everyone does flout;  
 Fights and handkerchiefs are his specialties,  
 Also the collection of other persons' fees.

Phyllis Paterson is a wild young lass;  
 Mr. M. seems down on her in class;  
 A flaming ambition within her does burn;  
 How many seats can she occupy this term?

Donald MacGregor is our only sheik;  
 Just one look at him, and you will shriek,  
 "Oh! my hero! you I seek,  
 Since ever I saw that darling beak!"

Fair Isabella of Room forty-seven,  
 Full many a year ago was aged eleven;  
 I know not yet quite what she is,  
 Though some do like to call her "Dizz."  
 Beautiful and good is she,  
 But not quite what you think she be!

---

### ROOM 49

THE celebrated Forty-Niners are noted for: The Brain Representative, Mr. C. G. Cooke; Track Team Representatives, Florence Eden, and Martin Bell; Football Representatives, Barney Stanick, and Alex. Shaddy; Rugby Representative, Barney Stanick. Class officers are: President, Herbert Taylor; Secretary-Treasurer, Ernest Andrews; Sports Captains, Shirley Clapman and Alex Stuart; Librarian, Grace Hoskins.

Mr. Cooke: "Robinson, what are you late for, today?"  
 Robinson: "For class, I guess."

---

### ROOM 50

I WISH to take this opportunity to thank you for your support in the past Junior Council elections. I consider it a great honour to be appointed to a position on the Council, and since it was through your efforts that I was elected, I shall try to do my best, both in sport and in social activities.

Yours sincerely, BOB ELLIOTT.

### The Room of Many Nations

I think I can safely say that Room 50 has more nationalities represented in it than any other room in the school. Just to prove my statement I shall enumerate them. It has one or more English representatives, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, Icelandic, Polish, Jewish, Chinese, Negro, and French. That's quite a list, isn't it?

—Israel Caplan.



## ROOM 51

"GOOD evening, folks." This is Station R51 on the air. We are broadcasting from away up on the top decks of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute of Learning.

The first item on our programme will be a short talk by Professor Fred Lang. He will reveal for you the delicate intricacies of his latest novel, "How to Conquer French or Latin in One Lesson." Prof. Lang has made an intensive study of these subjects, hence he is adequately prepared to help all those in difficulty.

At last Prof. Lang has finished so we are at liberty to present the Room 51 Midgets, in their popular song hit, "Sing us a Baby Song." The Midgets, who consist of Bob Williamson, Gord. Cane, Marcus Tessler, Ted Crayston, and Charley Johnstone, have attained great fame in the musical world, and it was with considerable difficulty that we were able to have them with us tonight. Doubtless, after you have endured their selection, you will immediately realize the unlimited capacity for singing which they do **not** possess.

We had intended having that learned member of our class, Edward Rogerson, give a speech on "The Only Way to Pass Without Doing Homework." Like Prof. Lang, Mr. Rogerson has devoted many valuable years to the perusal of this subject and is now a recognized authority. Unfortunately, Edward has a sore foot this evening, thus his brain will not function in such an admirable manner as is customary under ideal circumstances.

In view of the fact that our school has suddenly decided to produce a rugby team, we are fortunate in having our own Red Grange, namely, Ted Crayston. We feel sure that Ted will be able to clear up any dubiousness regarding the fine art of forward passing, which may be entertained by any of his fellow rugbyists. Ted would elucidate on that subject **now were it not that he is entirely exhausted** by his recent vocal contribution.

Considering that all the other participants in our concert have become stage struck to an un-recoverable extent, we are forced to sign off. Tweet. Tweet.

—C. A. G.

## Room 51—"The Veterans"

Former Room 50 J.E. has shifted its battle ground to Room 51 S.E.—at least those seasoned warriors who survived the death-struggle of the century in June, 1927. Many fell, maybe to rise again, while the remainder, strengthened by several worthy additions from elsewhere, including a delegation of the "fairer" sex, pressed back into the fray with renewed vigor. These dauntless warriors are in possession of the front-line trenches (behind a breastwork of desks), hurling their threats (rubbers, running shoes, or "what have you") with great accuracy and enthusiasm. They organized into a hard-boiled, ready-for-anything group of "Veterans." The officers elected, after much discussion, blows, insults, etc., are as follows: President, Fred Lang; Vice-President, Lloyd Bruce; Secretary, Leonard Hicks; Treasurer, Robert Williamson; "Breezes" Representative, Roy Mason; Sports Captain, Ted Crayston. This battalion is ready to engage in any war, civil, domestic, or international, on a week's notice, and on moderate terms—cash.

**ELECTIONS OF ROOM 52**

IN the election of room officers, Thelma Franklin was elected President. Though great discussion was given in the choice of Vice-President, Edna Bowling won the fight in the end. Grace Nicholson was elected Secretary-Treasurer, while Norman Stanley was chosen for Sports Captain. "Breezes" Representative, the writer.

—A. M.

---

**ROOM 53**

ON Wednesday, September 21, Room 53 had a snappy corn roast at Kildonan Grove. After an hilarious outing, the girls returned to their respective homes, footsore, but happy.

We are glad to discover that the thunder which (figuratively speaking) shook the building on Monday, November 14th, was only Room 53's manifestations of its joy at Mr. Johanneson's return, and not an earthquake as we had supposed. Although Mr. Abraham did his best to fill the vacancy there's "none like our ain folk."—Burns(?) We hope that Mr. Johanneson will continue to enjoy the best of health, as the school in general, more particularly his own classes, cannot flourish without his judicial advice on matter mathematical and scientific. It is not generally known that Mr. Johanneson was one of the instigators of the dark and gloomy plot that resulted in our new geometry text, which is infinitely simpler than the one formerly used.

"Three cheers for Mr. Johanneson! Hip! hip! hurrah!"

---

**ROOM 55**

OF course Room 55 is, in the opinion of all its inmates, the one class in the school which has anything of which to be proud. For some reason entirely unknown to us, our teachers do not share this opinion. They say that while being taught we register the most discouragingly blank expressions. We, however, firmly believe that expressions are very deceiving.

Doubtless, if our honest opinion were given, we would admit that our class, when taken collectively, is without doubt dumbness personified. This handicap, however, has not deterred some of our individual members from budding forth into greatness. Though widely varied, their achievements are noteworthy.

Take, for instance, that worthy personage, Harold Chittick. His scintillating personality endears him to all with whom he has contact, especially those of the feminine variety. Harold was a candidate for the Senior Council. In his speech he was strong for a school rugby team, regardless of the fact that he hasn't the slightest idea what a rugby football looks like.

We could not, under any circumstances, overlook our honorable Council member, Lillian Furney. The very fact that she was elected to the Council proves her popularity. In music she is Miss Kinley's right hand man even though she is a girl. Lillian was a great asset to

the Senior girls' shuttle team on Field Day, because you know she can run like a son-of-a-gun.

Perhaps we should also mention that diminutive piece of dynamite, Sam Baird. Although small in stature, he possesses astounding capabilities for creating a disturbance, in every sense of the word. In his varied activities he has a good second in the form of one Stanley Boulter.

Our notable President, Don Hatch, has been sick for the past few weeks, but is now back with us. Outside of being somewhat "pale around the gills" he is as good as ever.

The good qualities of the remainder of the class are so evenly distributed that it would be unfair to mention any one in particular. With this in mind we can see no feasible reason why we should continue this satire on Room 55.

—L. C. Rankin.

### H.M.S. FIFTY-SIX

WE beg to introduce ourselves as the crew of the good ship Fifty-six, the leader of the Fleet—in our own opinion at least. We are very fortunate in having such capable officers to steer our course throughout the coming year. Our gallant captain, H. Finsness, is ably assisted



by the second in command, Margaret Marsh. Our second mate, Marjorie Miller, also serves in the capacity of purser very efficiently. Being exceptionally intellectual (?) we also have a ship's librarian, Hilda Phelps. The sporting life on board ship is ably directed by Helen MacLennan and D. Cook. The wireless operator—very fond of broadcasting—is Margaret Ashley. We have sailed through calm seas so far (barring a few small gales not worth mentioning) but breakers—in the shape of Christmas exams—loom ahead. However, in the words of our captain: "A better crew never sailed the ocean," and we hope to come through with flying colors.

Perhaps you never knew it—we only just realized it ourselves—but owing to the many complimentary (?) remarks of the teachers, we at last share their belief that we have in Room 56 by far the most intelligent, sporting, and industrious students in the school.

Take, for instance, Finsness, our notable President. Even after being away for several weeks and doing next to no homework, he somehow contrives to stand second in class. It's not fair to the rest of us. Not only that, but darned if he does not make the track team, and then to crown all, just escapes being a Council member.

Then again, consider our diminutive Secretary, Marjorie Miller. The amount of work this young lady accomplishes is truly remarkable. She is, as Victor Hugo aptly puts it, "a mouse doing the work of an elephant." Oh, well, there are only six months more to go.

"Good things are done up in small parcels." Take, for instance, Douglas Cook. Have you ever seen him run? Did I hear you say yes?

Well, you haven't—for when he's running it's impossible. Greased lightning isn't in it! Look what he did at our Field Day.

And we must not forget our coming prima donna, Hilda Phelps, who is one of the "Josephines" in "H.M.S. Pinafore."

In fact so many and varied are the gifts of every one of our room members that there is not nearly enough space to enumerate all their talents and virtues, but these are so self evident that there is, as far as we can see, not the slightest need to remind you of them.

—M. A. and H. P.

### ROOM 58

ROOM 58 rejoices in a most capable executive committee with Waverley Wilson as President; Clair Zryd as Vice-President, and Cherry Crawford as Secretary-Treasurer.

We have come to the conclusion that Frances, with her little faculty for interrupting the teachers in the midst of their digressions, must really try to curb her unrestrained passion.

Just think, we have with us "an infant progeny" (as one of students remarked) in the person of Llewellyn Johns. He fairly nonplusses the teachers with a stream of puzzling questions. His last was: "What do you have to do to be a hero?"

Live and learn, Llewellyn, live and learn.

Then there is Willis, with his soul-inspiring voice, who chortles with laughter at the least auspicious moments.

We are quite impressed with the tender care which Reuben bestows upon his glasses. It is really a joy to see him take them out so gently, and dust them so assiduously. In fact, this little gesture is an inspiration to the rest of the class.

P.S. (Percy Smith)—Please note his mournful sneeze.

### Heard in the French Class

Gladys was translating. All went smoothly until she came to the words "ces dames." Gladys hesitated, and Miss Doupe said reproachfully, "Ces dames, Gladys, ces dames."

Gladys gasped, and when Miss Doupe realized the peculiar significance of the words, she experienced, as she afterwards confessed, the most embarrassing moment of her life.

—M. A.

### A Mathematical Problem

Authorities differ as to the number of apples that were eaten by Adam and Eve. It is the opinion of some that Eve 8 (ate) and Adam 2 (too), a total of 10, while others hold that Eve 8 and Adam 8, a total of 16. According to the most recent investigations, the above figures are wrong, for if Eve 8 and Adam 8 2, the total must be 90.

"Well," said Waverley, "it seems to me if there were giants in those days, probably Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2, which would give a total of 163."

"I am not at all satisfied," said Betty, "it seems to me that if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2, they together consumed 893."



‘I am sure you are all wrong,’ insisted Sadie, ‘for I consider that Eve 8 1 4 Adam and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve, so we get a total of 8,938.’

‘But look here,’ broke in Mabel, ‘if Eve 8 1 4 Adam, and Adam 8 1 2 4 2 oblige Eve, surely the total must have been 82,056.’

At this point Mr. Duncan suggested that they might let the matter rest and get back to their algebra.

---

### ROOM 61

THE ‘Boosters’ have not, as yet, held any social events. But we have elected our class officers. The victims are as follows: President, Margaret Bletcher; Vice-President, Kathleen Turner; Secretary, Jean Robinson; Sports Captain, Dorothy Hilton; Librarian, Shirley Roberts, who is also a member of the Junior Council; Class Monitor, Janet Watt; ‘Breezes’ Representative, Mary Bletcher.

The captains of the four baseball, volley ball teams are: Florence Pepper, Mildred Armstrong, Hilda Deeter, Dorothy Hilton.

Some prominent members are: Strong-armed Mildred, Peppery Florence, Page Doris, Butter Lily, Boal Margaret, the ‘outstanding’ Elsie Deeks, and Kathleen Cameron, the last of that great clan.

---

### ONE NIGHT

I HAD been travelling all day and now, this evening, I was sitting on the tiny verandah of the rickety hotel, enjoying a much-needed rest. It was a typical tropic night. The stars hung so close in the deep velvety sky that one could imagine they were near enough to be plucked from their setting. The air was heavy with the scent of some tropical flower, unknown to me, and which I could not see. Presently a young fellow sauntered up. He was about my age, I thought, and not very good-looking—again like me. I was surprised but not annoyed when he took the chair beside mine and began to speak. ‘By the way,’ he said, ‘may I look at that pin you are wearing?’ My hand strayed to the lapel of my coat. ‘Oh, it’s only an old school pin,’ I laughed. ‘What school did you go to?’ he inquired. ‘You probably wouldn’t know it, but it was the ‘Daniel Mac,’ as we affectionately called it.’ ‘Why, I went there,’ said my new acquaintance. Then followed a blissful hour of ‘Say, were you there when so-and-so did such-and-such a thing,’ or ‘do you remember old so-and-so, great scout wasn’t he?’ And more of that sort of thing. At last when we had exhausted our memories, he asked my name. When I replied he gave me a look of admiration. ‘Gosh,’ he exclaimed, ‘think of the old school producing a great writer like you!’ ‘Not very great,’ I modestly answered.

This is my greatest dream. Do you think it will ever come true? If it does, this will be my ‘nom de plume’—

—A. J. Oker.



Caller: "I would like to see the judge, please."

Secretary: "I'm sorry, but he is at dinner."

Caller: "But, my man, my call is urgent."

Secretary: "It can't be helped, His Honour is at steak."

\* \* \*

Host: "What do you think of these cigars; I got them from an aviator?"

Guest: "What does he use them for—sky-writing?"

\* \* \*

Pupil: "Our literature teacher has given me a ticket for a lecture and I don't quite know what he means by it."

Another Slave: "Why, what's the trouble?"

Pupil: "The lecture is on 'Fools' and the ticket says 'Admit One.'"

\* \* \*

Mr. Ford plans to operate an aeroplane Pullman.  
It will be a serious matter then if the porter brushes you off.

\* \* \*

Overheard at the Senior Dance:

She: "What a remarkably small appetite you have, Jack."

He (very anxious to say something complimentary): "Why to sit near you, Margaret, would make anybody lost his appetite."

\* \* \*

The Hero (in broken, anguish-stricken tones):  
"Will you miss me?"

Voice from the "Gods": "No, not unless you dodge pretty quick."



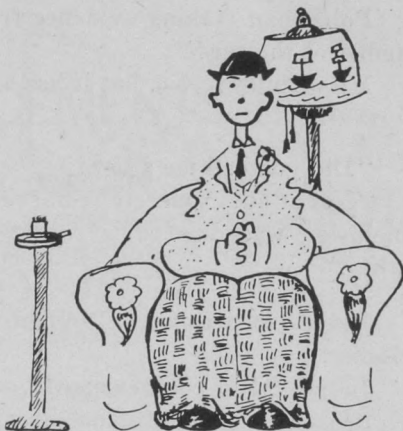
"One after every meal"

Teacher (in good humor): "As I gaze about me this morning, I see before me a great many bright and shining faces."

Immediately forty compacts made their appearance.

\* \* \*

A rich but eccentric man died. The clergyman who was young and new to the parish, thought it a fitting opportunity to call and comfort the widow. "You must not grieve," he told her. "The body that lies there is not your husband. It is merely a husk, an empty shell, the nut has gone to heaven."



Joe College: "Now I wonder where I left my hat."

M.L.-R12

\* \* \*

Motor Cop to Mr. Riter: "So you saw the accident, sir? What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Mr. Riter: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it, but I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of its digits reversed."

\* \* \*

Old gentleman (lost in fog and hearing footsteps): "Can you tell me where I'm going?"

Weary voice (from darkness): "Into the river; I just came out."

\* \* \*

Nervous passenger in aerial taxi about 5,000 feet up: "Wh-a-at are you laughing at driver?"

Driver: "I'm laughing at the superintendent. About this time he will be looking all over the lunatic asylum for me."

\* \* \*

Millionaire (speaking to a body of students about his great financial triumph): "All my success I owe to pluck."

Student: "Yes, but how are we to know the right people to pluck?"

\* \* \*

First Jew: "Machinery does everything nowadays."

Second Jew: "I don't know about that, talking is still done by hand."

\* \* \*

First Pupil: "What do you thing of Son and So?"

Second Pupil: "I don't like him. He's one of those fellows that pat you on the back before your face, and hit you in the eye behind your back."

Policeman (taking evidence from Miss Kinley): "Did you see the number of the car?"

Miss Kinley: "No, but it has a horn that sounded 'C' in the key of 'B' sharp."

\* \* \*

"Did you call me a liar?"

"Not at all. I merely remarked that the sinuosity of your ultimate conclusion was due to a superficial appreciation of the veracious reality."

\* \* \*

Judge (to prisoner): "When were you born?" (No answer from prisoner.)

Judge: "Did you hear me?"

Prisoner: "Whadda you care, you aren't going to give me a birthday present."

\* \* \*

Mr. Cooke: "Say, you'll have to improve your writing."

Pupil (meekly): "Yes, but if I do the teachers will find out how I spell."

\* \* \*

A women going for an automobile ride for the first time, noticed the driver was constantly putting out his hand when turning corners. This rather upset her and she shouted: "Keep your hands on the wheel. I'll tell you when it's raining."

\* \* \*

Pat: "I dreamed about you last night, Mike'."

Mike: "Well, what did you dream?"

Pat: "I dreamed that you were walking down Portage Ave. leading a donkey and singing 'Me and My Shadow.'"

\* \* \*

Headline: "Girl Bent on Atlantic Hop."

Well, everybody predicted something awful would happen to her, although they didn't exactly think it would come to that.

\* \* \*

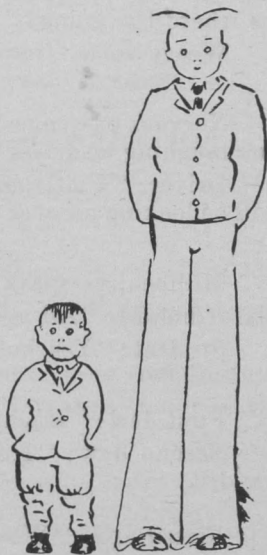
Musical Enthusiasts: "We've just come from Tannhauser. It was glorious."

Deaf Friend: "Ah, yes! They told me the weather was much better abroad than at home last week."

\* \* \*

"Now Benny, can you spell 'avoid?'"

"Sure, what is der void?"



"The Long and Short of Room 12"

M.L.-R12



# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## ORATORICAL CONTEST

AN oratorical contest that is open to all members of the school will be held after the New Year. Some suggested topics are:

Canada's Place in the British Empire.  
Mineral Resources of Manitoba.  
The Value of a High School Education.  
The Evils of Immigration.  
The Influence of the Modern Newspaper.  
The Passing of the North American Indian.  
Improvements in Locomotion.  
The Legend of the Holy Grail.  
British Rule in India.  
Manitoba Pioneers.  
Poetry and Life.  
Pioneers of Science.  
Manitoba Bird Life.  
The Saving Grace of Humour.  
Progress of Industry in Manitoba.  
The League of Nations.  
International Peace.  
The Immigration Problem.  
The Conquest of Disease.  
Zionism.

Any entrant may submit some other topic for approval to his teacher of English.

All entries are to be made by January 6th, 1928.

The time limit for each contestant is ten minutes.

The last week of February will probably be the time for the final contest.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS

THE Poetry Group, Canadian Authors' Association, Montreal Branch, announces its new prize competitions for 1927-1928.

1.—For members of the Poetry Group only: A prize of books, or a sketch by a Canadian artist (or other object, chosen by the winner), to the value of \$25, given by Lady Roddick, for the best poem (English or French).

2.—Twenty-five dollars for the best short poem (English), by a Canadian over 18 years, residing in Canada, given by Mrs. R. E. MacDougall.

3.—Fifteen dollars for the best short poem (French), by a Canadian over 18 years, residing in Canada, given by Mrs. Jeffrey H. Burland.

4.—Ten dollars for the best short poem (English), by a Canadian

under 18 years, residing in Canada, given by Mr. Warwick Chipman.

Manuscripts will be received up to January 15th, 1928. Only original, unpublished poems, under 40 lines, are accepted, signed with pen-name, the real name being in a sealed envelope enclosed with the poem. No correspondence. Address: Mrs. R. E. MacDougall, 3475 Peel Street, Montreal, Que.—World Wide.

### **I.O.D.E. TO ESTABLISH SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGLISH LITERATURE**

IN appreciation of the services of Mrs. Colin H. Campbell, regent of the Fort Garry Chapter, I.O.D.E., and President of the Manitoba Chapter for 14 years, the Provincial Chapter of the order, in session at the semi-annual meeting at Virden, Wednesday decided to establish a scholarship and medal to be given annually to the student in Grade XI., in the schools of Manitoba, who obtained the highest standing in English literature.

A resolution to this effect was brought in by Mrs. Wilson-Smith, of the Sir Edward Grey Chapter, and seconded by Mrs. R. F. Rorke, of the Fort Garry Chapter. It stated that the members, wishing to record their deep appreciation of the services to the order rendered by Mrs. Campbell, who was the first provincial president in Manitoba, and occupied that office from 1912 to 1926, would annually present a gold medal and the sum of \$25, the award to be known as the Minnie J. B. Campbell medal.—Manitoba Free Press.

### **THE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION**

IT is not often that we have a chance to see history in the making. On the tenth, eleventh and twelfth of October the Conservative Convention was held in our city at the Amphitheatre Rink—an event which will be recorded in future Canadian History. People came from the East and from the West for the purpose of discussing the immediate future of the Conservative Party.

Of the several outstanding problems confronted by the delegates, the most interesting one was the choosing of a capable leader. Six men who ranked high in the esteem of the Conservatives of the Dominion were in the field for the permanent leadership of the party. These were Hon. Robert Rogers, of Winnipeg; Hon. R. J. Manion, Fort William; C. H. Cahan, K.C., Quebec; Hon. Hugh Guthrie, leader of the party for the past year; Hon. R. B. Bennett, West Calgary; and Sir Henry Drayton, former Minister of Finance. A storm of cheers greeted the announcement of Mr. Bennett's easy victory.

No message of congratulation which he received is so worthy of mention as the message from Mr. King. He said: "I consider Mr. Bennett the most outstanding man in the House of Commons today. He is comparatively young, of independent means, splendidly informed, and the strongest debater in Parliament, so that he is better equipped for the position of leader of the great Conservative Party than any other man on the scene. Any selection, other than the one made, would have

been a fatal blunder. The vote in his favor was very general." It is a well-known fact that Mr. Bennett is a wealthy man—no doubt he is the richest man ever selected as a leader of a political party in Canada, and in no way will he be hindered in his work by financial difficulties. Any success achieved by him can be traced to a dogged perseverance. He seems to have followed the motto "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The greatest interest of the convention centred around the tariff question, with the result that the delegates adopted the following resolution, pledging themselves "to stimulate the development of natural resources; to preserve and enlarge the market for Canadian farm produce; to create employment by building up industries; to promote interprovincial trade; and to check the exodus to the United States."

Although Sir George Foster objected strongly to the exclusion of the Orientals, when the question of immigration came up, this policy was adopted. Efforts were directed to securing a larger percentage of British settlers, and they advised taking full advantage of the assistance tendered by the British Government for promoting empire settlement. When the Conservative Party comes into power, if it follows these resolutions, there is no doubt that ours will be a model government.

This convention awakened a better feeling between the East and the West; the number of delegates was fairly well balanced, and though once or twice disputes over conflicting interests arose, something higher than mere localism prevailed; the East consented to aid the West in matters of little benefit to themselves. Both were willing to come half way. The hope of the future rests on a united Dominion. With that we cannot fail, and Canada can rejoice in "true patriot love" from all her sons and daughters.

—G.C. and C.H., 58.

### A FAITHFUL DOG

MOST of you have read about Pompeii, that Roman city which was overwhelmed centuries ago by the volcano of Vesuvius. Quite recently an interesting discovery was made by some explorers who were digging among the ashes. There was found the body of a small boy lying just as if he had been asleep when the skies rained red-hot lava. By his side was a beautiful big dog wonderfully preserved through the ages, by the deposits which had covered him. The animal had his teeth caught in his master's cloak, just as if he had been trying to arouse him and make him flee from the coming danger. Around the dog's neck was a big silver collar blackened with age. With great trouble the collar was cleaned, and it was then seen that there was an inscription on it which read: "This dog has thrice saved the life of his little master, once from fire, once from water, and once from thieves." The attitude of the faithful animal showed that even at the final hour, he had done his best to get his master out of danger.

—Willie Younger.

### ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

"ALL the world's a stage," said Shakespeare, "and all the men and women merely players." We agree absolutely! Nifty metaphor, in fact! And by the same token, why not think of Daniel McIntyre as another stage, a lesser one, we admit, but nevertheless a not unworthy one. Then, we further ruminatē, everyone in it must be "merely players." And since players must have something to play, we finally evolve a wonderful plot; even go so far as to plan the cast. The plot we will leave to your imagination, but we think you may be interested in the cast, and forthwith publish it for your approval.

#### Dramatis Personnae

Hero, rising young mechanic (note his determined jaw)—Bob Alexander.

Heroine—goes through poppa's millions in short order—strong for women's rights—Edith Horton.

Villain—smooth customer with a roving eye—Harold Chittick.

Butler—His Royal Highness (in knee breeches)—Waverley Wilson.

Parisian Vamp—the villain's confederate—Edna Mason.

Heroine's Mother—society matron—Frances Fox.

Hero's Mother—a sweet old lady, who knits—beloved by all—Lillian Furney.

Peggy and Cyril—young sister and brother of the heroine—'nuff said—Marguerite Ross and Bill Lamont.

Pussyfoot—the plain clothes man—Fred Lang.

Reporter—a bright young man from the "Morning Star"—Harold Finsness.

Bully—foreman of the factory—sure packs a punch—Bob Williamson.

The Ice-man—key to the situation and the coolest man in the play—Lloyd Bruce.

Bill—organizer of games in the factory, and general handy-man—Bill Kibblewhite.

Hero's Sisters—sweet young things who play the piano—Helen and Louise Templeton.

—H. P., Room 56.

### THE FINEST CARPET IN THE WORLD

What has been said to be the world's finest carpet has recently been purchased in England by James F. Ballard, an American, who has made a hobby of collecting Persian carpets. The masterpiece of the rugmaker's art is nearly four centuries old and valued at more than half a million dollars. It is the work of one man, who laboured on it for nearly twenty years. The carpet has belonged successively to Shah Safi, Peter the Great of Russia, and Leopold the First of Austria, and for years it has hung on the staircase of the royal palace near Vienna.

—Magnus Johnson, Room 12.



### A VISIT TO THE PICARDY FACTORY

ON November 30th, Grade IX. Practical Arts girls, accompanied by

Miss Kathleen Dowler, visited the Picardy Factory. The visit was planned in order that the girls who were making their own chocolates for Christmas work in the Domestic Science, would be able to compare home methods and facilities with commercial ones.

The girls had already had their first lesson on making fondant. Fondant is the usual foundation for all soft centres of chocolates. Each girl had bought a pound of sugar and the project was to see who could manufacture on first trial a pound of fondant of creamy consistency. This was stored away for a week, then flavoured, colored, and formed into a variety of shapes. The next step was to melt some specially prepared sweet chocolate, and dip each centre, with the aim of turning each out, shiny and brown and well formed like those on the market. The object in visiting Picardy's, therefore, was to see how this is achieved.

There was much to see! First a batch of clear taffy, cooling, which was punched a few times; coloring was added, and after a few turns over a hook, the whole was run through a machine, which turned it out into neat and glistening ruby-red beads, threaded on a cord ready to cut into lengths to grace the Christmas tree.

All around were tables full of candy in various stages. Pecan-clusters, walnuts, nougatine, creamy fudge, marshmallows, cocoanut centres, as well as hard candies, and ginger fudge—all before our eyes. These were being cut and moulded into numerous shapes by girls or men who worked skilfully and quickly.

We were too late to see the fondant mixed. That usually is done in the morning, in order to complete before eight, the process from raw sugar to the finished chocolates. We looked at the fondant machine which beats one hundred pounds at a time; and then we remembered how tired our arms were after beating one pound. This was one way in which the commercial equipment was superior to ours.

Next there was a whole room of chocolates. Think of it! Boxes to the right of us; boxes to the left of us; boxes all around us; packed and being packed with chocolates.

At a long table sat women dipping chocolates all day long by hand, pound after pound. Each had her trough of melted chocolate, and each had a tray on which to drop them, as she gave a final professional twirl or twist to the top. We wondered if we could be half so skilful! We did not even know, as yet, how to hold our dipping forks!

As a final delight, Mr. Gribbens presented Miss Dowler with a box of chocolates to share with the class. They were handed to Thelma Franklin, who had made a nice little "thank you" speech on behalf of the class for the courtesies they had been shown.

It was too late to see the cooks at work in the bakery, but we were shown the equipment, including the huge ovens. We caught interesting glimpses of freshly baked tarts and cakes, and patty shells awaiting

baking. No wonder, we began to feel enormously hungry for our dinners!

Quickly we made our adieux and with happy hearts went home to plan what wonderful chocolates we would turn out at our next Domestic Science lesson. We have had that lesson, and each girl has gone home laden with a whole pound and a half boxful, made and paid for entirely by herself. Miss Dowler thought they were wonderful, too! And Mr. Campbell thought they were Picardy's. Don't you wish you had been around that day?

—Olive Vogel, Room 52.

### IRISH HILLS

To dream of Irish hills  
Is the loveliest thing in the world—  
The Irish hills where primrose tints  
The whole earth there, with colour pale  
As fairies' wings, and sunlight glints  
Across the stream, and through the dale.

To dream of Irish hills  
Is the loveliest thing in the world—  
The Irish hills, where each June night  
The good "wee folk" in dresses made  
Of petals, yellow, mauve, and white,  
Are dancing 'neath pale Luna's shade.

To dream of Irish hills  
Is the loveliest thing in the world—  
The Irish hills where Beauty walks  
In gown of gracious greens and blues,  
The hills where Beauty even talks,  
(If you can hear) and shows her views.

To dream of Irish hills  
Is the loveliest thing in the world—  
Shure! the Irish hills have caught my heart,  
With their long, dim woods where shamrock grows,  
With their feet in the sea, and their topmost part  
Still far away, sweet, and tinted with rose.

To dream of Irish hills  
Is the saddest thing in the world—  
The Irish hills, whose cool, soft rain,  
Whose sweet, dim sounds, and shadows pale  
I'll never feel nor see again.  
Och, Erin! for a ship and sail!

—C. C.

The army was crossing a bridge and Pat got out of line. "Fall in," said the commander. Pat looked at the water and said: "Too deep."

### THE SCOTT COUNTRY

RECENTLY some of the classes in the school have had the pleasure of hearing a lecture by Mr. Florence, on the "Scott Country." This lecture was illustrated colorfully and pleasingly by many interesting and beautiful slides—these portraying both Scott's surroundings and those of his poems and novels.

In the first slide Walter Scott appears more like a kindly, comfortable, country gentleman than a poet and author. Yet there is something even about his picture, which hints at that determination of character that was made so noticeable by his misfortunes in later life.

The second slide shows Edinburgh Castle, built high up on a rough rock in the centre of the city of Edinburgh; the next slide gave another view of the city with the castle and Scott's monument in the distance. Following these were pictures of Holyrood Palace and Abbey, Smailholme tower—where Scott spent so many years of his childhood—and the tower of Selkirk, which is itself a poem with its quaintness and its memories of wonderful deeds of former inhabitants. These beautiful, picturesque, and even rugged, wild scenes give one a slight idea of how Scott was able to reflect in his poetry so much of the roughness, wildness, simplicity, grandeur, and beauty of his country.

Next followed slides of the places prominent in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel": Newark Tower, where the minstrel tells the tale; Branksome Castle, the stronghold of the Scotts; Melrose Abbey, that Scott describes so vividly through the minstrel, and the beautiful east oriel in the abbey, in front of which Michael Scott and his magic book were buried; Hemitage Castle, from which some of the clan came at the call of their chieftain; Roslyn Chapel, of which Harold sang in the "Ballad of Rosabelle," and the Eildon Hills that were, as the minstrel tells, once one, till cleft in three by the magic power of Michael.

Then came a beautiful view of Tantallon Castle and the bass rock far out in the sea, that are depicted in Scott's poem. Next was Marmion, and in the Land Debatable, a gypsy village with the queen's funny thatched roof cottage that is known as her palace; also a very beautiful, rugged, mountainous spot along the border, with a rushing roaring, mountain cascade well named as "Hell's Hole," to add to its charm and wildness.

Finally there were some slides of Scott's residences, and the beauty spots in their vicinity, including a beautiful picture of Abbotsford and the study there, where Scott wrote nearly all his novels; a picture of Scott with one of the dogs he always had with him, and Dryburgh Abbey, where in the north transept on Saint Mary's aisle, he is buried; and last the beautiful monument of Scott that holds in its niches statues of many of the characters immortalized by the writer's genius.

—Phyllis Paterson.

---

No sooner do our most famous flyers accomplish one long journey than they begin planning another. If they stay on the ground more than a few days at a time their feet begin to hurt.

**ANITA'S MASTERPIECE**

EVER since Anita could remember, she had travelled from place to place in the gypsy caravan. In summer they pitched camp near little streams in the beautiful Bohemian woods; in winter they did most of their travelling. Sometimes they went on long journeys down to southern Italy, and one winter she remembered a trip far east.

Anita's mother was the gypsy queen, so Anita, unlike the other gypsy children, had very little work to do. Her only task, and it must have been a pleasant one, was to make the Romany pattern, that is a little cross-shaped cluster of flowers or twigs which was left in a conspicuous place everywhere the gypsies had camped, for the benefit of those who followed their trail.

Anita loved the carefree life, especially the warm summer nights when the gypsies would sit around their camp fire, singing merrily. Sometimes the older members of the camp would ask her to sing. After looking for the queen's smile and nod of consent, she would run to their own wagon to get her mother's guitar. She would play and sing one song after another, always keeping the Romany song till the end. Then as the last embers of the fire were slowly fading, the last bird had given its goodnight chirp, and a solemn hush fell on the Bohemian woods, Anita would sing:

"Where my caravan has rested,  
Flowers I leave you on the grass,  
All the flowers of love and memory,  
You will find them as you pass."

So the years passed by, happy, for the Romany children, yet of late rather unrestful for the older ones. One day, when Anita was about fifteen years old, she was wandering through the woods of northern Italy, when she heard strange voices. Running silently among the trees she came upon two monks whom she knew lived in a nearby monastery. They were speaking so earnestly they did not see Anita. It was not the men, however, but what they were saying that struck Anita as being so peculiar.

"I see only one thing for it," the first monk said, "and that is to forbid the gypsies coming into our country. Of course they don't mean any harm, but they are making our people dissatisfied."

"Yes," agreed the other monk, "why only yesterday one of my scholars refused to work on his masterpiece, for he had seen the gypsies, free and happy because they are not bound by this sacred oath. But, Brother Angelo, tell me truly, do you think that this idea of making every class of people produce some wonderful contribution to aid higher civilization is going to measure up to our ideals?"

"Ah, Brother Michael, it is in everything but music. If only someone would compose a piece worthy of recognition of kings, how wonderful that would be!"

Anita heard no more. Could their position be as serious as that? Now she understood the vague uneasiness of her mother, and her followers. They had sensed the difficulty. But what was to be done? They could not give up their visits to Italy. No, there was but one



solution to the problem. One of the gypsies must produce the wanted musical composition. Alas, she was the only one in camp who could compose music. Others could sing, but Anita alone could compose a song.

Anita decided on the only course. She must write it herself, and without anyone knowing it, take it to the monastery.

For weeks she worked, always off alone in the woods, listening to the sounds of nature around her. Then the last morning of her work came; afternoon found her on her way to the monastery; by twilight the music was in the hands of a kindly monk.

At last the much looked for announcement was made. The exhibition of all the gifted men of the time was to be held in Rome. The gypsies, along with swarms of other eager people went on down to the great city. Kings, great lords, wise men, and common folk from far and near were present. A great surprise awaited them all, even the gypsy queen.

The herald blew his trumpet. The huge court room was suddenly silent—there, before the greatest people of her day, stood Anita, with her mother's guitar in her hand. A murmur of scorn ran around the room; then Anita began to play.

It was as if the walls of the court room had suddenly crumbled, and the people in their minds stood in the midst of a Bohemian forest. Distinctly they heard the birds singing, the little brooks running down the hillside, the wind whispering in the tree tops, then all the beauties and glories of nature were brought together in one grand climax.

For an instant the room was still, then shouting, clapping, cheering and all manner of applause followed. The gypsies need not worry about their freedom. Anita had succeeded.

—Evelyn Moir.

### A DAY IN SPRING

SILENCE, darkness, all is still,  
Then slowly over yonder hill  
Orion rises!  
Majestic, luminously bright,  
Flooding all the world with light.

Everything with love aglow,  
Flowers blossom forth and lo!  
All is life!  
Birds in joyous chorus sing,  
With gladsome hearts they welcome spring.

Then, as the sun sinks to its rest,  
The birds chirp softly in their nest.  
Day is dying!  
The sky is flushed like a lovely bride  
As she meets her bridegroom, the ebbing tide.

—A Buddin' Poet, Room 56.

## POETRY AT NOON HOUR IN ROOM 22

TRAMP, tramp, tramp! Mary has been pacing around the room now for half an hour, repeating her memorizing over and over again. Her feet keep time to the rhythm of the poetry, and she pays no attention to the comments and conversation of her fellow students.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold—"

"Say, Mary, what are you trying to do? Wear out shoe leather?"

"And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.

Round many western islands have I been—"

"I can't stand this any longer. I'm going down to the library."

"Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

A moan, a stifled yawn, from one of the spectators.

"Of one wide expanse have I been told,

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne,

But did I never breathe its pure serene

Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold."

"Mr. ——— was right when he said you'd make a good auctioneer,

———. Please be quiet."

"Then felt I like a ———"

"Fool! I said be quiet, didn't I?"

"When some new planet swims into his ken,

Or like Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific——— There! I knew I'd forgot it.

But I must go on.

Oh sleep, oh gentle sleep, how have I tempted thee,

That thou so oft wilt weigh my eyelids down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness."

Apparently thinking it was history period, Mary dozed off, and dreamed sweet dreams about the poetry of eating. The whole room was now busy memorizing.

A peculiar wailing noise arose from one corner of the room. One particular gentleman seemed much depressed, his eyes gazing admiringly at the sufferer. However, he continued his task.

"If music be the food of love, play on.

Give me excess of it, that surfeiting

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

"That strain again?"

The noise continued.

"It hath a dying fall."

The singer rose from her seat and hurriedly left the room. The room gossips continued their discussion of poetry and poets. Had poets any intelligence? Alfred Noyes remarked that most sonnets should be destroyed at birth; should this not also apply to poets?

## A Poet's Epitaph

Under this crumbling heap of stones

Lies a man who wrote some poems.

'Tis said his spirit often groans,

For they buried his sonnets with his bones.

—D. W., Room 22.

## LOCHINVAR

(Modernized Version)

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the West;  
Through all Manitoba his roadbug's the best,  
And save fifty cents, he shekels had none.  
"I should worry," quoth he, "payday will come."  
With so lean a bank-book and but a Ford car,  
There ne'er was a sheik like young Lochinvar.

He trod not the brakes, but he stepped on the gas;  
He saw not a car that he couldn't pass;  
But ere he pulled up at the Fort Garry gate,  
Sweet Ellen said "yes" to a Yale graduate.  
For a mathematician with a Pierce Arrow car,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Fort Garry hall,  
Among ladies and gentlemen and waiters and all.  
Then spoke Ellen's daddy, his hand on his gat,  
(While the fellow from Yale on the Chesterfield sat),  
"If it's Ellen you want, you won't get very far,  
So will you clear out, my dear Lochinvar?"

"I was engaged to your daughter," young Lochinvar sighed;  
"You told me to go, so I thought that I'd hide,  
And now I've come back and I'm sure feeling fine,  
To dance the Black Bottom, drink one cup of wine;  
There are co-eds in Winnipeg more pretty by far,  
Who would gladly hook up with the young Lochinvar."

The bride filled the glass, our sheik took it up;  
He gulped down the wine, and he let go the cup;  
She opened her compact and powdered her face,  
She tinted her cheeks and closed up the case,  
He turned on the radio 'ere her mother could bar;  
"We'll dance the Black Bottom," said young Lochinvar.

So snappy her form and so handsome his face,  
They danced up the hall at a terrible pace,  
While Mother did fret, and Pa tore his hair,  
And the College lad murmured, "that isn't fair."  
But none of them noticed the door stood ajar.  
And there lay the scheme of young Lochinvar.

One touch of her hand, one word in her ear,  
When they reached the main door and Lizzie stood near,  
So light in the coupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the wheel beside her he sprung.  
"She's mine! Let her go! To the States isn't far.  
Just watch my dust," said our young Lochinvar.

There was screeching of gears from the Netherby can,  
 'Twas an ancient 'bus, but somehow it ran.  
 There was racing and chasing on the wide prairie,  
 But no glimpse of Ellen did the Netherbys see.  
 So lacking in cash and with but a Ford car,  
 He sure was some sheik, this young Lochinvar.

—R. A. Paul.

### THOUGHTS OF A FEMALE STUDENT

WELL, here's another day of slavery. I wish it were twelve o'clock instead of nine. I wonder what we have for the first period? Heavens, it's algebra, and I haven't got those questions done! Oh well, maybe he'll forget to look at my answers. I hope so. Hurrah, he did forget! I wonder if my hair is alright? I guess I'll comb it when he isn't looking. Boy! There's the bell. I wish all the periods would seem as short as that.

I guess I can sleep through this period. I never did know anything about French, anyway, so it doesn't matter. If she asks me to put any work on the board I'll ask Dora to lend me her exercise book. Say, that's a good looking boy over there. I wonder what his name is? I don't remember him, he must be a new boy. He doesn't seem to be interested in me, either. Maybe I need some more powder. Say, this is terrible lipstick. I'll have to get some decent stuff this afternoon. There's the bell.

Well, only two more periods. It won't be long now. And this a literature period. Why can't they give us some snappy stories instead of this dry old book? There's a boy in the room across the hall looking at me. I'll pretend I don't see him for awhile. He's still looking at me. I must be attractive. I wonder how I look in this dress? It fits me real tight, but then that's the way all the boys like to see them. Gee, I hope I have a good time at that party tonight. I wonder where the place is in this book? Oh I guess it doesn't matter much because the bell will soon be ringing. There it is.

Boy, but this history is dry stuff. I'll bet it would be a sure cure for insomnia. Gee, but I feel tired. I guess it's because I was out so late last night. But I think it was worth it, I had such a good time. I hope Bob asks me to the school dance. If Jim asks me first I'll go with him, just to show Bob that he isn't the only boy I know. Say, but school is hard this year. This work is killing me. I wish I could quit and go to work in an office. Maybe I could get a job as a private secretary or something. Say, I'm beginning to get hungry. I wish the bell would ring. Gee, five minutes more. I never noticed before just how good looking that history teacher is. Well, there's the bell. Now I can eat.

—L. B.

# Printing

Job and Commercial, which by its neatness and quality of workmanship will attract attention.



Phone 27 189  
for prompt service

Nokomis Building,  
Cor. Cumberland Avenue  
and Hargrave



## Christmas Gifts

\$1 to \$5

Grouped according to price

THERE are, no doubt, many on your Christmas list whose gifts you will buy with a definite price in mind. Then you will enjoy shopping in our

### Gift Shop

Here are one thousand gifts at a dollar each, a simple method of solving the gift problem. Every gift comes in a beautiful Dingwall Gift Box.

# Dingwall's

Portage at Garry, Winnipeg

Gifts from 50c. up in the Gift Shop



**REGARDING MIXED ROOMS**

NEEDLESS to say, the divulging of the fact that girls were to be put in the same rooms as boys, created quite a drastic fierceness in the attitude of the male sex.

It simply meant that throughout the whole school term they would, no matter which way they might turn, be confronted with the most appalling sight of numerous representatives of the weaker sex in the act of applying various cosmetics of dubious colors and qualities to the greater part of their anatomy which is to be seen above what is sarcastically called a dress. Besides the stifling effect which the aforementioned cannibalistic indulgence has on all self respecting males, the panorama which is presented to the eye while this entirely unessential accessory is being applied to the feminine physiognomy, is very disconcerting to the scholastically inclined minds of the male students of the D.M.C.I.

The modern specimen of femininity is, according to all reports, supposed to be the proud possessor of a sane and practical mind far superior to that of her sister of bygone days. This same mind is supposed to control her actions in a likewise manner.

One day of confinement in a classroom with these practical minded mortals, would arm any male with abundant evidence to shatter permanently the theory that the gentler sex of today is in any way different from that of former days, that is so far as development of the mind is concerned. They still are provoked to limitless outbursts of "giggling" at trivial occurrences, which are of little or no consequence to the sex of the superior intellect.

It can be plainly seen that, having human beings who indulge in such a frivolous manner of deportment as stated above, allotted space in the same rooms as the males, has an unestimably deterrent effect on those worthy mortals' one increasing purpose "Study."

However, after all this condemnation and manifestation of abhorrence of the downtrodden and misunderstood females, we are forced to admit that they surpassed the sterner sex in last year's Oratorical Contest, and again in this year's Field Day.

Notwithstanding all in their favor, we still firmly believe that they should not be in the same classrooms as the boys.

—L. C. Rankin.

**The Staff of the "Breezes" wishes all its readers**

**a very Merry Christmas**

**and a**

**Happy and Prosperous New Year**

FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON  
**YOUNG MEN'S TUXEDO SUITS**  
 EXCLUSIVELY TAILORED FOR BOYS ON THE SAME CORRECT LINES  
 AS THEIR ELDERS

SMARTLY fashioned Tuxedo suits for "dress up" occasions, dinner dances and "stags" of the young man of high school age. Beautifully tailored of Vicuna cloth, with the same perfection of cut and finish that is found in Eaton Tuxedos for men.

Coats are art satin, lined with silk faced lapels. Trousers have silk braid stripe at seam and vests are beautifully fashioned of silk in fancy design with smoked pearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 36. Eaton Priced..... **\$35.00**

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED**

Men's Clothing Section, Main Floor, Hargrave



*Training as  
 Thorough as  
 the Building  
 is Beautiful*

The Dominion Business College is situated on the Mall, Winnipeg's most beautiful thoroughfare.

The new home of the Dominion is fully equipped to provide a thorough business education.

**DOMINION  
 BUSINESS COLLEGE**

*"Buy Sporting Goods from a Sportsman"*

You will make no mistake if you buy  
 your new outfit of skates and boots here.

OFFICIAL COLLEGIATE SWEATERS, HOCKEY UNIFORMS,  
 STICKS, ETC. PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

**Johnny Farquhar's Store**

Corner Portage and Carlton St.

Phone 22 214



# Finish Your High School Course First



Then Train for Success

IN



*Western Canada's Largest  
and Most Influential  
Business College*



*The Success College Won Five Out of Six  
Typewriting Championships for Winnipeg,  
Manitoba and Saskatchewan in the 1927  
All Canada Contest.*



In the official All-Canada Speed and Accuracy Type-writing Contest, held on April 2nd, 1927, and contested by more than 500 typists, representing every Canadian province, the Success College of Winnipeg won the following for Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan: First place Senior Speed, First place Senior Accuracy, First place Intermediate Speed, First place Intermediate Accuracy, First place Novice Accuracy. For all Canada the Success College won Second place in Senior Speed and Third place in Intermediate Speed.



THE  
*Success*



BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED  
EDMONTON BLOCK, 385½ PORTAGE AVENUE  
Cor. Edmonton Street and Portage Avenue



Phone 25 843